Marines Put Glorious Finish to Their Job in Belleau Wood

Up and At 'Em Again, "Devil Dogs" Followed First Battle With Long, Hard Grind That Beat Germany's Best

This is the third and final instalment of Brig.-Gen. A. W. Catlin's story, "With the Help of God and a Few Marines," which tells of the fighting at Chateau Thierry and in Belleau Wood, where he commanded the Sixth Regiment, United States Marine Corps.

> CHAPTER IX. PUSHING THROUGH.

HE backbone of the German resistance was broken on the night of June 6 when Sibley went through Belleau Wood and Robertson walked into Bouresches, but there still remained much to be done. We held the town and the lower edge of the wood, but it was at best but a precarious foothold. The enemy remained in force to the north of the town, his machine guns were still thick in the greater part of the wood, and his big guns still thundered from back of Torey. He was daunted by our first rush, but he came back. It took the marines many days to finish the job, but finish & they did.

On June 7 fighting recommenced with a more intense fury, and our losses on that day were even heavier than on the 6th. We launched a series of battalion attacks against the forces in the wood, besides the con-stant fighting for local positions and the repulsing of counter attacks. On that day Sibley's men resumed their rushing of machine gun nests and their strenuous hand to hand fighting.

Up and At 'Em Again.

At the peep of day they were up and 'em again as though fresh from word for those chaplains. Theirs is their billets. It was now a matter of thrusting the whole line northward receive the honor that is their due. some maw they plunged, straight into

There was no respite. The enemy tle distance, but they had to keep going. When they could they dug little rifle pits for themselves with the small trench tool carried in the kit, as a elight shelter against that withering in the shallow trenches they dug, hoping for a brief respite, only to be roused by the uproar of a new conflict or the nearby bursting of a shell.

the wood, and that meant fighting in rated for heroic action in collecting masks. None but the finest type of and burying the dead and assisting soldier could have stood up to all this; the surgeons under fire. and continue to make progress. They Gradually terror and the realization took those machine gun nests one af- of defeat began to creep into the hearts ter another, and in some cases were of the Boches. Wrote one of the boys: able to turn them on the Germans.

Our artillery was at a disadvantage in not knowing just how far our men more complete information our shell fire improved. The guns cooperated when they could, eventually hurling more than 5,000 high explosive and gas shells into the woods and clearing the heights.

Fighting on in those treacherous woods, subject to flanking fire and in constant danger of ambush, the ma nes continued to advance, regardles of fatigue and losses, until they held snother quarter of a mile of the wood and the advance was halted. The new position was consolidated with the help of the engineers and food and am tunnition were sent in. Lizzie (the Ford car) did heroic work on that day, A few light guns were got in to Sibley.

American's Forge Ahead.

As a result of the fighting of June ' all along the line the Americans advanced their position over a six mile

On the 8th and 9th Sibley's men continued to rush those machine gun nests and to make further progres the wood. It seemed as if nothing could tire them out or force them back. Meanwhile Berry, who had been Lieut.-Col. wounded, was relieved. Wise, in command of his battalion of the Fifth, went in to support Sibley. Our casualties were terrible; I will

not attempt to give the figures. Our men were engaging in a sort of fighting that means heavy losses with the best or luck, but that Gld not check them. Their comrades fell, but they pressed on, and behind them they left dend Huns piled three deep about those captured nexts.

To the men in the woods, fighting most of the time, snatching sleep when they could, the succession night and day was hardly noticeable and there were few who could have told how long they had been fighting. Thus wrote Private George Budde of the Fifth to his parents:

I was always glad when the various positions we held in the woods had a few holes strewn around into which we could crawl when necessary, but there were days in the first woods we went to especially when M. and myself, he being of the same mind, lay under the stars with nothing blanket, while the others had gone from four to six feet under ground which was not as foolish as it sounds, as the shells were really going over us, and besides there was a perfectly splendid ditch along the side of the road. I really did tired me all to little bits and I quit with nothing to show for it but some elegant blisters. It seems really unbelievable, but there were hours at a time at that place and others when we would lie perdu while a steady stream of missiles be going awastly over our eads, just a continuous humming hir-r-r that can't be described. at of the big ones do give notice



VETERANS of

their approach most politely. and one generally has time to duck or take cover.

Hurry Call for Chaplains.

On June 8 Major Evans jotted down a laconic memorandum to the effect that Holcomb had asked for both chaplains. That meant the hurried burial And right here let me put in a good

through the wood, and into its dark- The marine chaplains, like the members of the Medical Corps, are furnished by the navy. They are busy men. Besides holding services at the machine gun fire became more deadly camps and in the various villages after they had penetrated to some lit- where the marines are billeted, and acting in a general way as the big brothers of the men, they have to censor all mail and serve as the statistical officers of the regiment. the front they have charge of all When fatigue became greater burials, collect the bodies and attend than could be borne, men curied up in to the matters of record and identificashell holes or crevices in the rocks, or tion. And more often than not they volunteer to assist the surgeons.

In each of our two regiments there were two chaplains, a Protestant and the nearby bursting of a shell. a Catholic. After the battle was over Occasionally gas was poured into all four of them were cited and deso-

Not once in the days of fighting that followed did a German stand up when the Americans got close him. We've got their number and they know it. I wish I could get over and tell you all about it. I'm so full of stuff I simply can't write the things in a straightout

You know how I did worry about a pistol and field glasses. Well, it wasn't necessary. I now have the best Zeiss glasses the Imperial German Government could purchase for me, and the splendid new Lauges pistol that I swing at my belt is certainly the finest the Hohenzollerns could provide for an American Army officer.

In many places they left so fast that clothing, boots, rifles, machine guns and all sorts of booty taken from French towns was left. Every soldier had at least two Boche overcoats for a mattress.

In one officer's overcoat Licut. Blaisdell found a cat o' nine talls, ample evidence of the statement of prisoners that they were driven time and again to fight.

German Treachery Everywhere,

There were evidences everywhere during this fighting of German treach-Those Prussians were nasty fighters. The following is quoted from the letter of a Quartermaster's ser geant who talked with a number of our wounded in the hospital: If evidence were lacking of in-

grained German untrustworthiness and treachery, the following from the lips of three men, one an officer, would be ample. During the progress of a hot engagement a number of Germans, hands aloft and crying Kamerad!" approached a platoon of marines, who, justifiably assuming it meant surrender, waited for Germans to come into their lines as prisoners. When about 300 yards distant the first line of Germans suddenly fell flat upon their faces, disclosing that they had been dragging machine guns by means of ropes attached to their belts.

With these guns the rear lines immediately opened fire, and nearly thirty marines went down before, with a yell of rage, their comrades swept forward bent upon revenge I am happy to state that not a German survived, for those who would have really surrendered when their neted without mercy.

stated, I talked separately with three different marines at difforent times, and have no doubt of the truth of the story. When it spreads through the corps it will be safe to predict that the marines will never take a prisoner.

Can they be blamed? As one man remarked, "A good German is a dead German." Another said, "They are like wolves and can only hunt in packs. Get one alone and he is easy meat."

Kill or Be Killed. Little of this sounds uplifting, and it smacks of calloused sensibilities. BELLEAU WOOD UPON THEIR RETURN HOME. But the business that brought these

men to France is not a refined one. It is kill or be killed, perhaps both. and the duty of each man in the American army is to kill as many of the enemy as may be, before he, in turn, is killed. Likewise it is his duty to study and understand the psychology of the German, and he does it in his crude way, although he might not understand such mental processes by the term psychology.

An occupation lacking refinement creates unrefined descriptive terms. and the man whose temporary trade is war chooses his own phrases and originates new definitions,

I will not deny that my nerves are tense with horror at what I have seen, and with pride at 'what our boys have done, even while my soul is sickened with this closer view of the red monster, War. In the spirit of the men seen to-day, I am moved to greater admiration for their qualities and an abiding faith in our ability to finish as we have begun. Youth of the American army, flower of our young manhood, my hat is off to you! May perch upon your banners, and God give you the reward you

In Hands of Enemy.

And here is further evidence of Ger. man gentleness from the pen of Priwho was captured by the enemy and was, I am told, the first American prisoner to escape and make his way back to our lines:

I attacked with our boys, and ran into a lot of Fritzles. One of them hit me on the head with the butt of his rifle, and when I woke up I was inside the German lines dragged before an officer at German headquarters. Every one I passed nlong the road kicked, jeered and spit at me

When I landed in headquarters a pompous German officer asked me how many divisions we had in France. I said "thirty," but he didn't believe me. A guard was then placed over me, who watched me all night. Just as day was breaking I was roughly awakened and given an axe and without breakfast I had to cut a lot of brush that was to serve as camouflage for machine guns.

I was working close to the front lines and American machine gun bullets whistled past me for fair. I had to work all that night. When I tried to snatch even a few minutes of sleep a husky guard would give me an awful kick with a big obnailed boot and I would grab the axe and go to chopping again. I saw three Germans disguised in American uniforms. I was getting so weak from hunger and loss of under any minute. Finally the goard gave me some box. break and thin, watery soup. I could not get any coffee.

Plenty Germans to Bury.

Afterward they put me to digging trenches to bury dead Germans in Along with other prisoners we dug long rows, two and three deep, into which it seemed as if they buried the whole German army, Finally, one night I found my

guard asleep. I walloped him over the head with my pickaxe. He never moved. I ran away through the woods in front and there chanced across some German Red Cross dogs. I found some canteens of water and hunks of bread tied on their backs, which I took.

All of a sudden I got where shells were bursting everywhere. I had run into a barrage and thought it was all up with me, But I ducked along and suddenly sentry challenged me. I recognized nim as an American and shouted at the top of my voice, "I am an an American; don't shoot!"

So he passed me through the lines and that night I slept in the wood nside the lines and reported the next morning.

cur boys edging their way slowly over which the Germans must come, ahead in the forest, the ghastly dead ying all about them. Companies that aration they advanced in close formahad entered the battle 250 strong

faces they fought doggedly on,

Strain Begins to Tell. The Germans brought up reserves and stiffened their resistance. A tremendous and continuous artillery fire was concentrated on the wood, Bouresches, and all the approaches. Gas was poured in, the deadly, insidious yperite, that saturates the clothing and burns the skin and hangs for days in thickets and low places. The strain was beginning to tell.

Gallant as had been the fighting of the Marines in Belleau Wood, it was finally decided that their first operations were not sufficiently decisive Their progress was too slow and too The Germans were concencostly. trating their forces in the northern half of the woods and it seemed impossible to drive them out and complete the occupation without more thorough artillers support.

On June 9, accordingly, Sibley recelved orders to withdraw to give the artiflery a chance. Back to the edge of the woods he came, with the ragged remnant of his brave battalion, fighting a rear guard action. Many of hem were wounded; some of them had worn their gas masks for eighteen but little sleep or rest; they were in from the left, but were beaten off every man was mad clean through vate James Donohue, a Buifale boy, the rest of the German army then and Private F. E. Steck of Camden, N.

Foe's Spirit Dies.

Fifty American and French batteries some 200 guns in all—then let loose n infernal fire on the woods. The infantry action had given the artillery chance to get thoroughly ready for

On the 10th, after hours of bembardent. Major Hughes went in with part of his battalion and reported that cuing many companions in this manhe woods had been reduced. He and Wise worked steadily up from Sibley's former position and extended the line wood further to the north. in the Hughes himself was later gassed and

The Germans had tried attack after ttack to drive the Marines out but without success. Now they were up against a more serious situation. The combined artillery and infantry attack was too much for them. It must not be supposed, however, that there was any lack of resistance. The enemy still operated numerous machine gun nests in well selected positions, many of them cleverly camouflaged, which our shells had missed. And so the hand to hand fighting was resumed,

though against less frightful odds. Early on the morning of the 10th the Marines started in again, with the artillery fire sweeping the woods ahead of them, and began to clean out the rest of those machine guns with | rifle, hand grenade, and bayonet. They partially surrounded the woods and subjected the flanks of the German deenders to a taste of their own medicine. The Boches began to flee, and ome of them ran into their own machine gun fire. They were cut up and slaughtered. They began surrendering in groups.

Wood Cleared of Germans

On that day our line was advanced two-thirds of a mile on a 600 yard front, and all but the upper portion of the wood was cleared of Germans. And behind our men came the Engineers constructing a strong position. Our casualties on that day were heavy, but if it was bad for us it was

inferno for the Boche. Hundreds of Germans were slain, and those that were captured were heartfly glad it was over. The wood which they had hosen as an impregnable fastness had proved to be a death trap. We took 300 prisoners that day, and found that many of them belonged to the Fifth German Guard Division, including the rack Queen Elizabeth Regiment. On the same day-the 10th-the

Bermans launched an attack in force o regain Bouresches. It was well pected. The Americans had the northern side of the town lined with mathine guns and, heavier guns were And so the battle continued, with trained on the railroad embankment leading part in, and at last the

Following the usual artillery preplled to fifty or sixty with a ser- were met by the sting of the machine

EVERY MAN WAS WOUNDED AND MANY of them DECORATED . but with burning eyeballs and drawn | losses. Then our artillery laid down | they were an impatient bunch and the

a thick barrage behind their advanced waves did not last long in the wood. line, preventing the bringing up of re- it was impossible to hold the second enforcements. They could neither ad- wave back, and the attacking force their advance line and their position show themselves. Geiger said: became a slaughter pen. Those who got into town never got out again and the rest were driven back to their The well organized attack was simply crumpled up and wiped out.

fifty men captive and one officer.

We had very few casualties and took

Advance Slow, but Steady. In Belleau Wood the advance after the 10th was slow but continuous behind an effective barrage. Almost imperceptibly our line was pushed forward among the trees, like water eating its way into a snow bank. As fast as they advanced the Marines dug in and stuck, though constantly shelled and gassed. There was less hand to hand fighting now, but casualties on both sides were numerous and the Marines continued to capture prisoners

and machine guns. Between June 6 and 15 slx main attacks were made against the woods hours at a stretch; they had lived and nine counter-attacks were re-on scanty rations and had enjoyed pulsed. The Germans tried to filter weary, spent, sated with killing; but Bouresches was subjected to an aerial every man was mad clean through bombardment, but the Marines stuck because he could not go on and settle there, too. What they have they hold.

remembers this period rather vividly, for it was then he was wounded. Steck's company did not take part in the attack on Belleau Wood until June 11, but they were not all idle while in reserve. He and two sergeants auceeded in sneaking out at night and bringing back wounded Marines they the last spark of fighting spirit out found in that area. Private Steck doesn't know whether his officer learned of these nightly "desertions. The trio succeeded, however, in res

We came across a German officer seated comfortably with his knees crossed. Before him was spread a little field table on which was cake jam, cookies and a fine array of food. A knife and fork was in either hand.

Beside the officer was sented a large, bulky sergeant who had been knitting socks. The darning needles were still between his fingers. Eath their heads had been blown off by a large shell.

Hot Fighting July 11.

We went into hot fighting on June 11 at ? A. M. A few hours before I had been on a detail that was bringing up hot coffee from the

Hand grenades were distributed and then Capt. L. W. Williams lined us up in combat formation. Soon we were going single file through the woods and charging across the open area to where the Germans were secluded in their

holes. chat or French automatic rifle. You could run about nine steps and then another clip would have to be inserted. Bullets slit my canteen, hit my scabbard and two or three went through my trousers without touching me. We had advanced in triangle formation about half a mile. I was in the front end of the "V" when three machine bullets got me. One went into my neck, another in my left shoulder and tho third in my arm.

I tried to keep on in assisting the operation of the automatic but the blood came up in my throat. I forced my way back and hid in a shell hole in the woods until a little Marine found me. This fellow dragged me 500 yards on his shoulder to a first aid dugout. There a shelter-half was used as a stretcher and I was taken back to a larger dressing station.

Private John C. Geiger's company was also one of those that were held lanned and was executed by fresh in reserve during the first few days roops. A dark, cloudy night had aided of the fighting, but when they go heir preparations, but they were ex- their chance they went to it as though afraid that their comrades had left them no Germans to kill. It was the attack of June 10 which they took a found themselves entering the blood soaked wood,

Impossible to Hold Them Back. They surged forward in a two wave geant or only a copporal in command; I gun fire and were checked with heavy formation at five pace intervals, but

vance nor retreat; they were caught soon became one line of fierce fighting between two destructive fires. Gradu- men, shooting, bayoneting and hurling ally the barrage was lowered upon grenades wherever the Boches dared Our men were yelling as if they were in a football game. You heard just one cry from the Germans; that was "Kamerad." We crossed

an open space of nearly a mile when we discovered that we had hit the Germans' second line trench. Still we kept going. Of the twen-

ty-five who were with me only four remained.

Suddenly we spotted a machine gun. Without a thought the four of us started to charge it. Two of the men were killed immediately, I was shot in the right leg. The last man escaped. He told other Marines of the machine gun, and in a few minutes a second and bigger advance was made. They sur rounded the gun and the wanted to surrender. But there's not much use taking as prisoners men who fire at you until they see they are overpowered. I don't remember any prisoners walking back

from that crowd. Falls in Line of Fire.

I lay wounded for nearly an hour. For a while I hardly dared to breathe. I was right in line with

The bullets sped past my cars so closely that I couldn't hear them whiz or buzz. There was nothing but a loud "Crackety-crack-crack" as they went by. It was just like having your head near the muzzle of the gun.

Soon the camouflage, consisting of high weeds around me, was shot away. Fortunately the machine gun tried for another target about that time and ceased firing in my direction. I tried to crawl off, but couldn't make it very far.

I heard a German crying piteously "Wasser, wasser." It was a fellow I had seen shooting at the marines . few minutes before.

I tried to get near him, but couldn't make it. I had no water. but did have about eight inches of blade that I wanted to present to Then came a scene I shall never

forget. This spot was pretty well abandoned now. The heavy action had moved forward and the Germans were still being pursued.

erman Shoots Wounded Marines.

I heard occasional revolver shots and through the weeds saw a Hun running about the field shooting wounded marines. Never before did man look so like a devil to me, and I shall never forget the fiendish glare with which he went about his mission

It was not long before five marines came up. They wanted to carry me off, but I told them of the fellow who had been shooting our wounded. Later they returned with that devil's automatic.

Shooting Germans is a heap more fun than shooting rabbits. You never could tell what was going to happen. We captured one machine gun and turned it on the Germans until the ammunition was ex-

But I want to give credit to those hospital corps men of the navy who worked with the marines Those fellows deserve a gold medal or the highest award they can receive. Why, before we could reach our objectives they were right out on the field picking up and tagging the wounded. They didn't mind the danger and did their duty without protection of any kind. They were unarmed and could not shoot a German if they did run across one.

Wounded, but Refuses Aid.

"Little Ol' Pewee" Jones. On June "Powee" had his clothes almost shot off, but he escaped without serious injury. After a few hours did get hit badly in the arm, but he refused aid and went back to the dressing station alone, laughing and russing the Germans in the same breath It was "Pewee's" everlasting good

spirits and bandying that kept his

in contact with in the best of

Others who, deserve worthy mention too are men known to me only as First Class Pharmacist's Mate Tibbets, Second Class Pharmacist's Mate Israel and two of their assistants, Russell and Turner.

Private Frank Damron, who was also wounded about this time, gives another glimpse of the fighting in a and burning, needed no second invitaletter home:

On the morning of the 13th wesaw a German lying ahead of us a few yards. We brought him in. He must have had twenty-five wounds in his arms and legs without being hit in a vital spot.

This fellow told us that the Prussian Guards were coming, and it was but a short time before the information had been relayed back and had reached our leaders.

And that night they attacked, Let me say right at the start they didn't budge us back an inch. The reception they were given made what few were left forsake all desire for further attacks.

But those Heinies gave us everything they had by way of artillery And they are good at it, too. Those fellows can place a shell in

your hat five miles away. That action certainly was hell. We counter attacked right at the start. It was but a short time when shrapnel got me in the left

foot and put me out of action. Fellows near me bound up my leg with a belt and made a litter out of a blanket and tree branches But that broke. I was hours and hours getting buck to the dressing station. But two days later the amputation had been made and I was

on the road to recovery. On June 11 the report came in hat the enemy's machine gun fire had been practically silenced and he was making a last stand at the northern end of the wood. So far so good, but our progress was now a mere crawl guns at Torcy and our men were unler constant fire.

seriousness of the situation, resolved dogs were poisoned." to make one last desperate effort to regain what they had lost. Reserves were brought up, including an entirely brought that dog home with me, but fresh division, and their forces were of course he's enlisted for the term strongly concentrated along the whole of the war and had to stay in France." Belleau Wood front. On June 13 they attacked with stubborn fury. orders were to retake Belleau Wood and Bouresches at all costs, and foot by foot, day by day, they pressed the Prussians back

Torcy Taken With a Rush.

For days the marines kept up that steady, inremitting grind, that con-steady, inremitting grind, that con-stant battering at the German gates. to straighten the line and to free the They seemed not to know when they Mets to Paris road of the danger of a They seemed not to know when they were overwhelmed and heaten. Then, on June 18, their fury flamed out again. There was a scalding artillers shower from the American guns by way of preface, a quick drive across the open behind a barrage, and then the marines fell tooth and nall upon the town of Torcy. It was a short and the road to Paris were relatively merry battle. The crossroads below Torcy were taken at a rush and the troublesome German batteries behind the town were silenced.

and the road to Paris were relatively safe. The task was given to the two regiments of infantry, which had hitherto seen but little action. They had been

By the 24th the last German was Vaux was not spectacular, but was g By the 24th the last German was cleared out of the main part of Belieau Wood—or was killed—but it was not until the 26th that the battle was over. On that day Major Shearer of the Sixth was transferred to the command of a battalion of the Fifth and attacked the last bit of woods held by the enemy, which has like a good almost without less, and the work for the enemy, which lay like a small almost without loss, and the work for green island to the north of Belleau which our division had been thrown Wood proper. He took 500 prisoners in was completed. there, besides machine gues and other booty, and the last of that formerly drawn to a quiet place for a period of leteriona German arms smitten hip hard carned rest, to mend battered forced to full burk to a new line.

by the memories of brave and fallen again. omrades. I have one more story to re- (Copyright, 1919, McClure Netcepap coworkers and every one he came | tell. It is another dog story, and it

and the same production of the same of the

Gen. Catlin Tells How His Men Piled Up Enemy Dead Until Last Spark of Foes' Fighting Spirit Flickered Out

was told by one of those cheerful rufflans who have been getting their bros ten bodies mended at the Brooklyn Naval Hospital. This fellow has had a dose shave, but American surgical skill has pulled him through.

He took part in some of the hottest fighting in Belleau Wood and it took more than one piece of German meta to make him quit. The first wound didn't bother him much-'just a scratch in the leg, and besides we needed every man and in the excitement I didn't care." So he kept or going until a piece of shell shattered the bone in his right leg below the knee. That stopped him. He did try to crawl, but weak from loss of blood and pain he finally gave it up, waiting for some one to find him and carry him in. The "scratch" had been shell wound where a big chunk o flesh had been torn from the muscular tissue of his left leg, but in the excite

ment he hadn't known. What the Dog Did.

He lay for many hours -a wholeday and night they told him later at the hospital-when he felt something pushing against his shoulder. He shu his eyes tight because he thought if might be a Heinie. Then something warm and moist licked his cheek and travelled down toward his lacerated leg, and he looked. His own particular buddie wouldn't have been a more welcome sight than that Red Cross

The dog was a big one and a mongr "They don't use any particular breed so far as I could notice," explained the Marine. "He was just a dog, but he

sure had learned his work." He came up to the Marine now, placing himself in such position that the wounded man could see the canteen on his back. The Marine, parched tion but detached the canteen and took a long drink, and then replaced it. He had been without water se long and he was afire with fever and water was wonderful, so wonderful that he just dropped back satisfied; but the Red Cross dog wasn't satisfied. He had come to do a certain thing and he knew his duty as well as any soldier in the line. He kept pushing against the wounded man's shoulder until he just had to listen. The Marine said "listen" be-

talked to him and said "Come on, buck up, you've got to get out of this." And the Marine did buck up. He grabbed the dog's tail with one hand and with the other and his useful knee he crawled forward at the dog's lead-But it was slow going and finally he had to give up in despair. The pain was too much, and he had to quit. But the dog didn't quit. He went off at a trot and efter a time returned with two Red Cross stretcher men,

cause it seemed almost as if the dox

who carried the Marine to the dressng station. When the Marine was made comfortable his first thought was very naturally of his rescuer. His surprise was very great when he found that the dog would pay no attention to him "That's the way they're trained," !! was explained to him. "They pay no attention to any man unless he is wounded and then only to bring him into safety. They go out time after wounded or leading the stretcher men to them, but when they have done that

any more. against concentrated registance, and the fight was not over by any means. That is given to them by their masters that is given to them by their masters. in the dressing station. They are taught to be suspicious of food, for Then the Germans, realizing the earlier in the war some Red Cross

"They sure are wonderful," the Ma-

Capture of Vanx.

The action which centred about Belleau Wood and Bouresches, and God knows they tried. But that de the menacing German pressure northwhich had for its object the relieving of west of thateau Thierry, may be said wern down and decimated as they to have been brought to a close on wern down and decimated as they to have been brought to a close on were by nearly two weeks of bitter July 31, when men of the Ninth and fighting, they counter attacked, and took the town of Vaux behind a barrage of American artiflers fire.

Vaux lies on the Meta to Paris read about two rolles east of Triangle Farm and half was to Château Thierry.

On the 19th a heavy barrage tors up the woods and marine rifles and bay onets proceeded to complete the job. the threatened road. The capture of

Before leaving the dismal waste that pare for the next job. In about two was once Belleau Wood, now haunted weeks it was "Marines to the front!"

Byndicate.)